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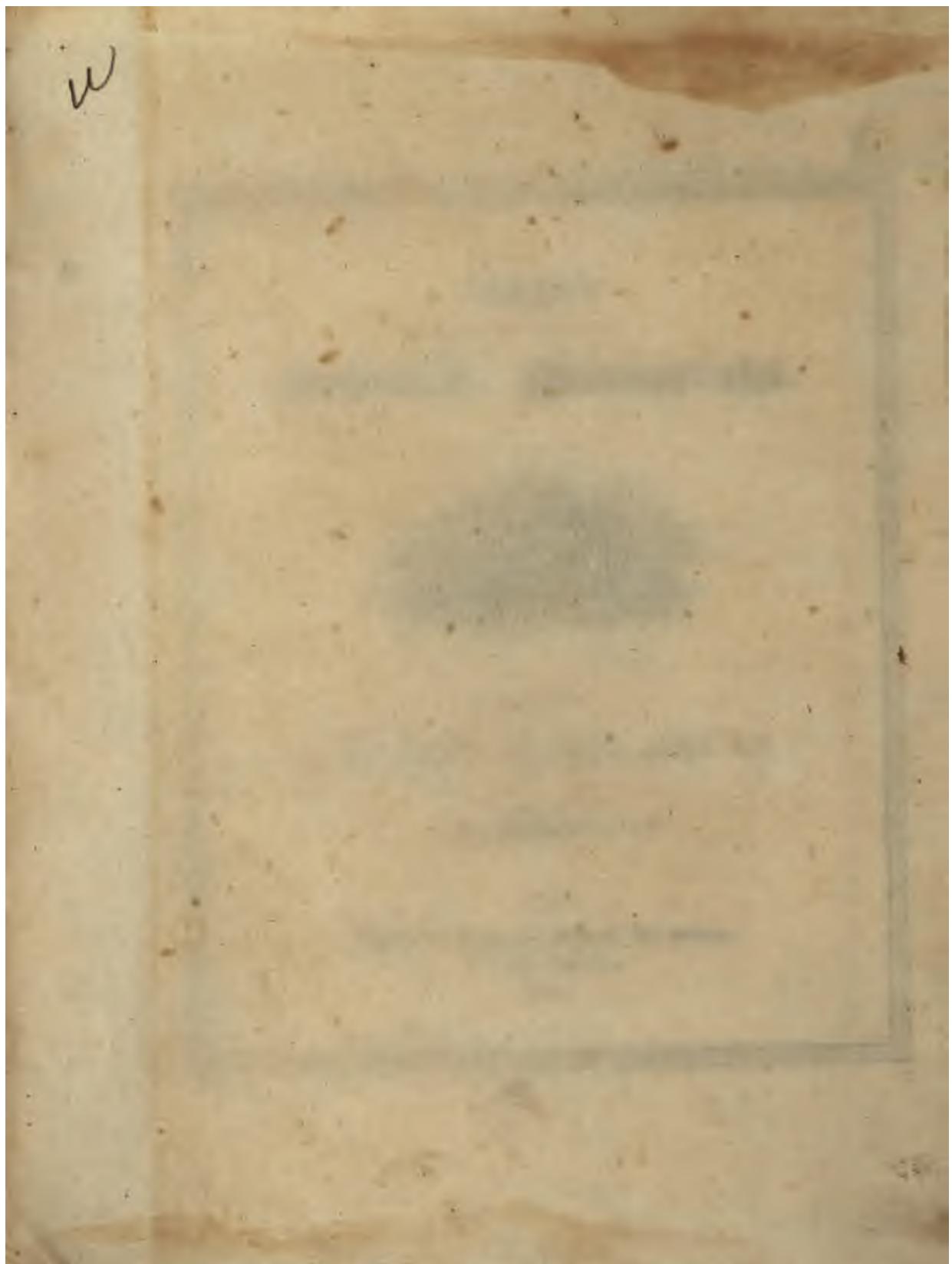


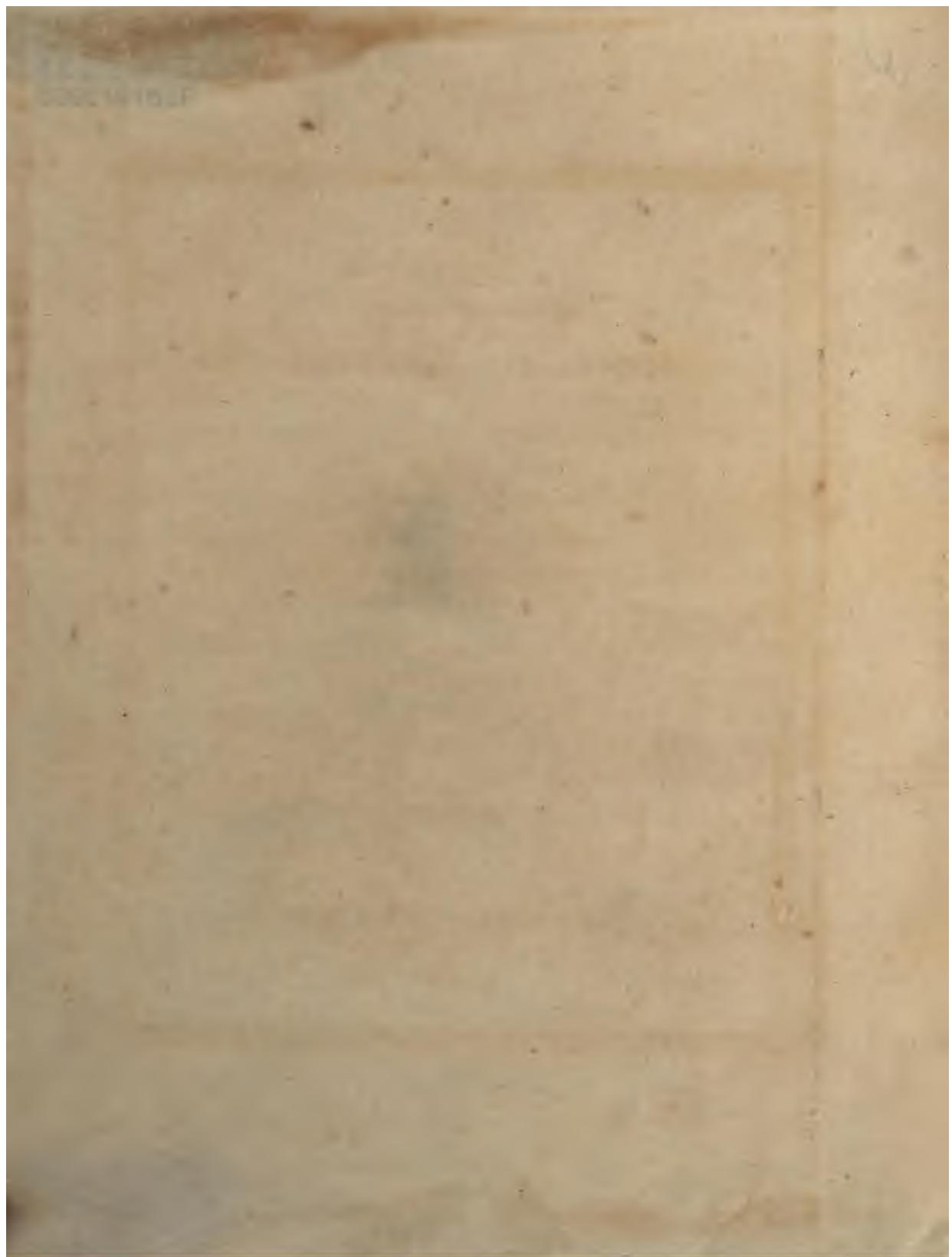
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*In Nov. 1823.  
J. Maria Steele.*

SELECT  
**Funeral Memorials.**



EDITED BY

**SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K.J.**



**KENT:**

Printed at the private Press of Lee Priory;

BY JOHN WARWICK.

1818.



## PREFACE.

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HAVE found that among heaps of Funeral Sermons there are intermixed many eloquent and beautiful memorials which ought to be rescued from oblivion. To wait till these can find a place in any complete work of Biography, or any systematic Local or Genealogical History is too distant and almost hopeless to stimulate the labour of transcription combined with the labour even of that slight degree of reference which may be necessary to assist the choice, and prevent the repetition, of what is trite and familiar.

I have adopted therefore the plan, of which the specimen is here given, to preserve these relics, as they

occur to me amid the multifarious researches to which my wandering curiosity impels me.

When the fame of those, who are recorded to have deserved well of their own age and of posterity, for their virtues or their talents, appears to stand only on the authority of the biographer, or the historian; when the conduct, or the writings, by which that fame was acquired, have vanished out of memory, the restitution of the particulars of that conduct, or the recovery of those writings, if they justify the praise which has been built upon them, affords a complex satisfaction to the generous and reflecting mind. We rejoice at the opportunity of paying a debt due to the dead: we rejoice to revive their laurels; and to strew their graves with fresh flowers: and we feel an exalted satisfaction at having the fidelity of history and the truth of the rolls of fame thus confirmed.

Preface. .... v

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I was led more particularly to these reflections by  
the recovered Epitaph, the composition of SYDNEY  
GODOLPHIN, with which I have commenced these my  
**FUNERAL MEMORIALS.**





AN EPITAPH  
UPON THE LADY RICH,

WIFE OF LORD RICH,

Who died Aug. 24, 1638, at 27.

-----  
BY SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.



OSSEST of all that Nature could bestow;  
All that we wish to be, or reach to know;  
Equal to all the patterns, which our mind  
Can frame of good, beyond the good we find;  
All beauties, which have power to bless the sight,  
  
Mix'd with transparent Virtue's greater light;  
At once producing love and reverence,  
The admiration of the soul and sense:  
The most discerning thoughts; the calmest breast,  
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least;  
The largest mind, and which did most extend  
To all the laws of daughter, wife, and friend;  
The most allow'd example, by what line  
To live, what path to follow, what decline;  
Who best all distant virtues reconciled;  
Strict, cheerful, humble, great, severe, and mild;  
Constantly pious, to her latest breath;  
Not more a pattern in her life than death;  
  
The LADY RICH lies here! More frequent tears  
Have never honour'd any tomb than hers.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

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This Poetical Epitaph is annexed to a Sermon, entitled *Funerals made Cordials in a Sermon prepared and in part preached at the solemn interment of the Corpse of the Right Honourable Robert Rich, heir apparent to the Earldom of Warwick, who, aged 23, died Feb. 16, at Whitehall, and was honorably buried March 5, 1657, at Felsted in Essex. By John Gauden, D. D. of Bocking in Essex. London, printed by T. C. for Andrew Crook, 1658. 4to. pp. 124.* Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lady Frances Rich, his widow.

At the end the author thus prefaces the Epitaph.

"I have judged my publishing of this Funeral Sermon upon the immature death of the Son the fittest occasion I am ever like to have, while I live, to present those who can look upon eminent goodness without evil eyes, with a short epitome of the mother's worth, as it was long since in the way of epitaph composed by a person, whose ambition is, that justice might be done to the dead as well as to the living. Vicious minds and manners, like dead carcases, are then best, when so buried that nothing may appear to posterity of their noisome and contagious fedities. But exemplary and meritorious virtues must never wholly die; nor be buried in oblivion; because to the injury both of the dead, and the living. *The name of the wicked justly rots: but the name of the righteous ought to be had in everlasting remembrance.* It is fit they should be quite forgotten, who never did any thing worthy of memory or imitation: nor is it less fit to remember those with eternal honour, who did all things with honour, and in reference to eternity. Commendation is the least reward due to virtue: imitation is the highest commendation of it: just commendation and

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imitation make the most noble and durable monument for it. Which good ends are aimed at by this following INSCRIPTION, dedicated to the mother's urn at the son's funeral; that seeing, how holy the parent or root was, mankind may conjecture how happy themselves may be by imitating both of them in those things which were praiseworthy in them; that God in all may have the glory of all, as infinitely above all."

---

Piæ Memoriae Sacrum  
Quam a posteris merito exigit nobilissima  
Heroina ac Domina  
D. ANNA RICH  
Illustrissimâ Devoniensis Comitis familiâ oriunda,  
Warwicensis Filio et Hæredi connubio juncta,  
Ingens utriusque Gentis decus et ornamentum,  
Præstantissimum veræ nobilitatis  
Nobilissimarumque Virtutum exemplar;  
Optatissimis animi corporisque dotibus  
Supra invidiam laudemque cunulata;  
Animi excelsi, constantis, generosi,  
Nec Aulæ splendore, nec Sortis suæ fastigio elati;  
Ingenii vividi, elegantis, splendidi,  
Ad summa pulcherrimaque nati,  
Genii benigni, amæni, mitissimi,  
Ad infimorum usum suaviter demissi;  
Sermonis politi, Rerum pondere magis  
Quam verborum numero copiosi.

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Gestus decori, gratissima majestatis  
Comitatisque temperie venerandi;  
Amoris puri, invicti, stupendi;  
Amicitiae cordatae, fidæ, amicissimæ;  
Vitæ admirationi quam laudi proximæ.

Conscientiae probè instructæ,  
Christique sanguine perpurgatæ;  
Pietatis non vulgaris, non fictæ, non verbosæ;  
Quanta, quanta fuit,  
Tota vera, solida, sincera:  
Ad speciem, plausum, populumve

Nihil datum;

Ad Deum, ad Christum omnia.

Quicquid præclari dixeris, Viator, cogitaverisve,  
Par esse non potes meritis, nendum nimius.  
Id enim omne quâ Fuit Fecitque, superavit Illa,  
Quantum res verba superant, effectusque cogitata.

Aureus  
revera. { Pudicitiae et formæ,  
Candoris et judicii,  
Acuminis et prudentiæ,  
Humilitatis et honoris,  
Gravitatis et dulcedinis,  
Sublimitatis et patientiæ,  
Rationis et pietatis,  
Humanæ divinæque  
Pulchritudinis } Nodus et  
unio  
fulgentiss-  
imus.

Serum, ætatem, Spem, et vota amicorum,  
Fæcundissima virtute supergressa:

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Cui ad summam mortalium Claritatem  
    *Nihil defuit;*  
Nec ipse poteris ultra desiderare,  
    Lector,  
Præter Vitam in terris diuturniore :  
    Quum enim Annos  
    Nondum 27 numerasset,  
        Cælos matura,  
Spectatissimos parentes, Nobilissimum conjugem,  
Integerrimos Fratres, Numerosissimos Amicos,  
Charissimum Filiolum, unicum castissimi amoris pignus,  
    Mortales denique omnes,  
Amplissimam sibi virtutum messem pollicentes,  
    Pio certe pretiosoque Numini,  
        Placido felicique sibi,  
        Solis Invidis læto,  
        Cæteris acerbo tristissimoque  
            FATO  
Infandæ tam præsentis quam posteræ ætatis  
    Jactura,  
    Deseruit.  
Aug. 24. 1638.  
    Hoc  
Devotissimi pectoris monumentum  
    Lubens Mærensque posuit

J. G.

### LADY RICH.

LADY ANNE CAVENDISH, first wife of ROBERT LORD RICH, who in April 1658, succeeded his father as THIRD EARL OF WARWICK, and died 19th May, 1659, was only daughter of William Cavendish, second Earl of Devonshire, by Christian, only daughter of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinlosse. Her father died in 1628. Her younger brother was that heroic Charles Cavendish, whom Lord Clarendon records to have fallen in an engagement with the Parliamentarians near Gainsborough in Lincolnshire, in July 1643. The loss of this son and his sister LADY RICH, is said to have come very near the heart of their mother Christian Countess of Devonshire, who survived till 1674. Her eldest son, the third Earl, died 1684.

LADY RICH was also celebrated by *Lord Falkland*, and by *Waller* in a long elegy of eighty-eight lines, beginning

“ May those already cursed Essexian plains,  
Where hasty Death and pining Sickness reigns:”

a poem more laboured, but far inferior in simplicity, elegance, and genuine pathos, to Sydney Godolphin’s Epitaph here revived.

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Lady Rich's only son ROBERT RICH, married on the 11th Nov. 1657, Frances, youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell; and died Feb. 16th following. His grandfather Robert, third Earl of Warwick, dying 19th May, 1659, without surviving issue male, was succeeded in the Earldom by his brother Charles, who dying 1673 without issue, left his great estates between his three sisters the Countesses of Manchester, Radnor, and Scarsdale; and his three nieces Lady Barrington, Lady St. John, and the Countess of Nottingham.

The estimate of the second Earl's estate in 1640, was

	<i>Per Annum.</i>
Essex.... In Felsted .....	1050 <i>l.</i>
In three Parks containing 1458 acres....	600 <i>l.</i>
In Much Waltham .....	1130 <i>l.</i>
In Barnston .....	160 <i>l.</i>
In Bromfield and Chelmsford, &c.....	250 <i>l.</i>
In Braintree .....	400 <i>l.</i>
Manor of Grange in Tiptree-heath.....	100 <i>l.</i>
In Foulness .....	<u>1509<i>l.</i></u>
Total Essex.....	<u>5190<i>l.</i></u>
In Suffolk and Northamptonshire.....	1600 <i>l.</i>
In Norfolk .....	400 <i>l.</i>
Total.....	<u>7190<i>l.</i></u>

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This had been principally acquired out of the spoils of Abbey Lands by Richard Lord Rich, the Chancellor, who was grandfather of the first Earl of Warwick. The barren Earl-dom of Warwick descended in 1673 to Robert Rich, Earl of Holland. See *Morant's Essex*, ii. 103.



### SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN was second son of Sir William Godolphin by Thomasine, daughter and heir of Thomas Sidney of Wrighton in Norfolk, Esq. Sir William died in 1613, in the lifetime of the grandfather Sir Francis, who lived to the accession of King Charles I.

The family of Godolphin was very ancient at Godolphin in Cornwall. Sir William Godolphin was a person of great note in the reign of King Henry VIII. His nephew Sir Francis Godolphin succeeded him, and was knighted 1580. He was very ingenious; and entertained a Dutch mineral man, by whose instructions he practised a more saving way of making tin. He also undertook the coinage of silver out of the mines of Wales and Cornwall. His wife was Margaret, daughter of John Killebrew of Arnwick in Cornwall, Esq. His son Sir William, the father of our poet, had accomplished himself by long travels; and afterwards became eminent by his martial services in Ireland.

Sir Francis Godolphin, K. B. eldest brother of the poet, was father of Sir William Godolphin, who was created a Baronet 1661, and died unmarried 1710; of Sidney, Earl of Godol-

phin, afterwards Lord High Treasurer 1702, who died, aged sixty-seven, in 1712; and of Dr. Henry Godolphin, Provost of Windsor, and Dean of St. Paul's, who died 1733, æt. 84.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN, our poet, uncle of the Lord Treasurer, was born at Godolphin in 1610; became a Commoner of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1624; then went to one of the Inns of Court; and afterwards travelled. In 1640 he was elected to Parliament for Helstone; and supported Lord Strafford against the predominant party of the House. When the King set up his standard, he flew to His Majesty's service.

"He was a person of excellent parts, of an incomparable wit and exact judgment, did love Hobbes of Malmesbury in some respects and exhibited to him, and was entirely beloved by him, who not undeservedly gave<sup>a</sup> him this character, after he had unexpectedly received a legacy from him of two hundred pounds. 'There is not any virtue that disposeth a man either to the service of God or to the service of his country, to civil society or to private friendship, that did not manifestly appear in his conversation, not as acquired by necessity, or affected upon occasion, but inherent and shining in a generous constitution of his nature.' In another place<sup>b</sup> also the said author Mr. Hobbes speaks thus of him: 'I have known clearness of judgment, and largeness of fancy, strength of reason, and graceful elocution; a courage for the war, and a fear for the laws; and

<sup>a</sup> In his Preface to the *Leviathan*.

<sup>b</sup> In his *Review and Conclusion of the Leviathan*, p. 390.

all eminently in one man: and that was my most noble and honoured friend Mr. Sidney Godolphin, who hating no man, nor hated of any, was unfortunately slain in the beginning of the late civil war in a public quarrel, by an undiscerned and undiscerning hand, &c.' Thus Mr. Hobbes: to which may be added what a noble<sup>c</sup> author saith of him and Mr. Godolphin, thus: 'And I would be very willing to preserve the just testimony which he (Hobbes) gives to the memory of *Sidney Godolphin*, who deserved all the elogy that he gives of him, and whose untimely loss in the beginning of the war was too lively an instance of the inequality of the contention, when such inestimable treasure was ventured against dirty people of no name, and whose irreparable loss was lamented by all men living who pretended to virtue. But I find myself tempted to add, that of all men living, there were no two more unlike than Mr. Godolphin and Mr. Hobbes, in the modesty of nature or integrity of manners, and therefore it will be too reasonably suspected, that the freeness of the legacy rather put him in mind of that noble gentleman to mention him in the fag-end of his book very improperly, and in a huddle of many unjustifiable and wicked particulars, when he had more seasonable occasion to have remembered him in many parts of his book,' &c.'"<sup>d</sup>

A. Wood says he was the author of *Various Poems*; some of which are printed in several books--as *An Elegy on Dr. John Donne*--*A Song on Thomas Killebrew and William*

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<sup>c</sup> Edward, Earl of Clarendon, in his *Brief View and Survey of Mr. Hobbes's Leviathan*. Oxon. 1676, p. 819, 820.

<sup>d</sup> Wood's Ath. ii. c. 28.

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*Murray*—and translated into English verse *The Passion of Dido for Aeneas*, 1658, 8vo. afterwards completed and published by Edmund Waller.

He was buried at Oakhampton Feb. 10, 1642-3.

“Mr. Godolphin,” adds Wood, “left several copies of verses behind him, worthy of the press, which afterwards came into the hands of a gentleman, called Davies, who married his sweet-heart Mrs. Berkeley, sister to Viscount Fitzharding.”

The present Editor has copies of several of his Lyrical Poems, which he intends at his leisure to collect and print.

Lord Clarendon’s testimony to the merits of this ingenious man has already been given. But it is impossible to refrain from adding the following exquisite and affecting portrait by the same noble biographer.

“SIDNEY GODOLPHIN was a younger brother of Godolphin, but by the provision left by his father, and by the death of a younger brother, liberally supplied for a very good education, and for a cheerful subsistence, in any course of life he proposed to himself. There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding, and so unrestrained a fancy, in so very small a body; so that the Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company, where he was the properer man; and it may be, the very

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remarkableness of his little person, made the sharpness of his wit, and the composed quickness of his judgment and understanding the more notable. He had spent some years in France, and in the Low Countries; and accompanied the Earl of Leicester in his ambassage into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet, and attend some promotion in the court; where his excellent disposition and manners, and extraordinary qualifications, made him very acceptable. Though every body loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy, and to retirement amongst his books; and was so far from being active, that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness; and was of so nice and tender a composition, that a little rain or wind would disorder him, and divert him from any short journey he had most willingly proposed to himself; insomuch, as when he rid abroad with those in whose company he most delighted, if the wind chanced to be in his face, he would (after a little pleasant murmuring) suddenly turn his horse and go home. Yet the civil war no sooner began (the first approaches towards which he discovered as soon as any man, by the proceedings in parliament where he was a member, and opposed with great indignation) than he put himself into the first troops which were raised in the West for the king, and bore the uneasiness and fatigue of winter marches with an exemplar courage and alacrity; until by too brave a pursuit of the enemy into an obscure village in Devonshire, he was shot with a musket; with which (without saying any word more, than *Oh God, I am hurt*) he fell dead from his horse; to the excessive grief of his friends, who were all that knew him, and the irreparable damage of the public."

The same noble historian gives the account of his death in the following words in his great work, *The History of the Rebellion*:

"In those necessary and brisk expeditions in falling upon Chagford, a little town in the south of Devon, before day, the king lost SIDNEY GODOLPHIN, a young gentleman of incomparable parts; who, being of a constitution and education more delicate, and unacquainted with contentions, upon his observation of the wickedness of those men in the House of Commons, of which he was a Member, out of the pure indignation of his soul against them, and conscience to his country, had, with the first, engaged himself with that party in the West; and though he thought not fit to take command in a profession he had not willingly chosen, yet as his advice was of great authority with all the commanders, being always one in the council of war, and whose notable abilities they had still use of in their civil transactions, so he exposed his person to all action, travel, and hazard; and by too forward engaging himself in this last, received a mortal shot by a musket a little above the knee, of which he died in the instant; leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwise have had a mention to the world."

To point out to the reader the beauty and pathos of Lord Clarendon's characters, would be idle and impertinent supererogation. There is something in that of SIDNEY GODOLPHIN more than ordinarily touching. The nice felicity with which

the little lights and shades of his portrait are sketched; the *mens alta in corpore parvo*; the heroism by which, under the impulse of great occasions, he overcame a feeble body and morbid nerves; the fond feelings of regret and veneration with which the surviving memorialist seems to hang over the words which record his premature fate and early virtues, contain a charm beyond what even this elegant Author has been often able to convey. The discovery, from proofs long buried in oblivion, that the intellectual gifts thus ascribed to our poet are not above those which he actually possessed, has furnished a delightful testimony to the fidelity of the noble historian, which they, who study human nature with taste and sagacity, will know how to appreciate.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN shall hereafter cease to be huddled into forgetfulness among “the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with ease.” With what discernment he looked into the human character; with what noble admiration he surveyed moral worth set off by female loveliness; with what ardor he gazed upon the evanescent brightness of mental excellence; with what sweetness of language and harmony of versification he could describe it, let *the Epitaph on Lady Rich* bear witness!

4th Feb. 1818.

## ARTICLE II.

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### *A N<sup>o</sup> EPITAPH Upon the excellent Countess of Huntingdon.*

---

*BY LUCIUS CAREY, VISCOUNT FALKLAND.*

---

THE chief perfection of both sexes join'd,  
With neither's vice nor vanity combined:  
Of this our age the wonder, love, and care;  
Th' example of the following, and despair:  
Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow;  
Such majesty that none durst tell her so:  
A wisdom of so large and potent sway,  
Rome's Senate might have wish'd, her Conclave may!  
Which did to earthly thoughts so seldom bow,  
Alive she scarce was less in heaven than now;  
So void of the least pride, to her alone  
These radiant excellencies seem'd unknown.  
Such once there was: but let thy grief appear,  
Reader! there is not: Huntingdon lies here.

By him who says what he saw,  
**FALKLAND.**

This must have been ELIZABETH, wife of HENRY HASTINGS, FIFTH EARL OF HUNTINGDON. She died January 20, 1633, in the White Friars, London, and was buried at Ashby de la Zouch. She was youngest of the three daughters and coheirs of Ferdinando Stanley, Earl of Derby, by Alice, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Knt. She was mother of Ferdinando sixth Earl of Huntingdon, who died February 13, 1655; and married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of the celebrated poet Sir John Davies, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. She was mother also of an elder son, Henry Lord Hastings, who died before his father, and on whose premature death a volume of *Elegiac Poems* by various hands was collected and published. Among these there is a very short one by Lord Falkland, which I shall next insert; and conclude this article with another on the same subject by CHARLES COTTON, Sen. the father of that ingenious poet so well known by his additions to Izaac Walton's *Angler*.



ON THE DEATH  
Of my worthy friend and Biographer,  
THE NOBLE, VIRTUOUS, AND LEARNED  
**LORD HASTINGS.**

BY LORD FALKLAND.

FAREWELL, dear Lord and Friend, since thou hast chose  
Rather the Phoenix life, than death of crows;  
Though Death hath ta'en thee, yet I'm glad thy fame  
Must still survive in learned Hastings' name.  
For thy great loss my fortune I'll condole,  
Whilst that Elysium enjoys thy soul.

FALKLAND.<sup>c</sup>

\* Lachrymæ Musarum: The Tears of the Muses; express in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the Death of the most hopeful Henry Lord Hastings, only son of the Right Honourable Ferdinando Earl of Huntingdon, Heir General of the high born Prince George Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward the Fourth.

Collected and set forth by R. B.

London, printed by T. N. and are to be sold by John Holden, &c. 1650. 8vo.

AN ELEGY  
Upon the Lord Hastings.

BY CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

AMONGST the mourners that attend his hearse,  
With flowing eyes, and wish each tear a verse,  
T' embalm his fame, and his dear merit save  
Uninjur'd from the oblivion of the grave,  
A sacrificer I am come to be  
Of this poor offering to his memory.  
O could our pious meditations thrive  
So well, to keep his better part alive,  
So that, instead of him we could but find  
Those fair examples of his letter'd mind,  
Virtuous emulation then might be  
Our hopes of good men, though not such as he.  
But in his hopeful progress since he's crost,  
Pale Virtue droops, now her best pattern's lost.  
'Twas hard, neither divine, nor human parts,  
The strength of goodness, learning, and of arts,  
Full crowds of friends, nor all the prayers of them,  
Nor that he was the pillar of his stem,

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Affection's stroke, source of all men's hate,  
Could scarce him from the sad stroke of fate.  
Why was not Sir Sir threat in prodigious form,  
To grow in falshood, and to weep in shame?  
And, as it were man's fall, why did not his  
In Nature work a metamorphosis?  
Now he was gentle, and his soul was neat  
A silent victim to the torment.  
Wimp, ladies, wimp; lament great Hastings' fall;  
His house is buried in his funeral.  
Bathe him in tears, till there appear no trace  
Of those sad blushes in his lovely face.  
Let there be in't of guilt no seeming sense,  
Nor other colour than of innocence.  
For he was wise and good, though he was young,  
Well suited to the stock from whence he sprung:  
And what in youth is ignorance and vice,  
In him proved piety of an excellent price.

Farewell, dear Lord; and since thy body must  
In time return to its first matter, dust;  
Rest in thy melancholy tomb in peace! For who  
Would longer live, that could but now die so?

CHARLES COTTON.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> From the same.

**Character of Charles Cotton by Lord Clarendon.**

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“CHARLES COTTON was a gentleman born to a competent fortune, and so qualified in his person and education, that for many years he continued the greatest ornament of the town, in the esteem of those who had been best bred: his natural parts were very great; his wit flowing in all the parts of conversation; the superstructure of learning not raised to a considerable height; but having passed some years in Cambridge, and then in France, and conversing always with learned men, his expressions were ever proper and significant, and gave great lustre to his discourse upon any argument; so that he was thought by those who were not intimate with him, to have been much better acquainted with books than he was. He had all those qualities which in youth raise men to the reputation of being fine gentlemen: such a pleasantness and gaiety of humour, such a sweetness and gentleness of nature, and such a civility and delightfulness in conversation, that no man in the Court or out of it, appeared a more accomplished person: all these extraordinary qualifications being supported by as extraordinary a clearness of courage, and fearlessness of spirit, of which he gave too often manifestation. Some unhappy suits in law, and waste of his fortune in those suits, made some impression upon his mind; which being improved by domestic afflictions, and those indulgences to himself which naturally attend those afflictions, rendered his age less reverenced than his youth had been; and gave his best friends cause to have wished that he had not lived so long.”

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## ARTICLE III.

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### *CHARACTER OF* **ROBERT RICH, EARL OF WARWICK.**

*Who died April 19, 1658.*

[From his Funeral Sermon.]

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*A Pattern for All, especially for noble and honourable Persons, to teach them how to Die nobly and honourably, delivered in a Sermon preached at the solemn Interment of the Corpse of the Right Honourable Robert Earl of Warwick, who, aged 70 Years, 11 Months, died April 19, and was honourably buried May 1, 1658, at Felsted, in Essex. By EDMUND CALAMY, B. D. and Pastor of the Church at Aldermanbury.---London, printed for Edward Brewster, at the Crane in Paul's Churchyard. 1658, 4<sup>to</sup>. p.p. 39.*

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OF the noble Earl ROBERT EARL OF WARWICK, commemorated in the above Sermon, the Preacher says, “His whole aim both by sea and land, both in parliament and in private, was to be serviceable to church and state.”

“It was a bold speech of Buchanan to King James, who sent a messenger to him when he was dying to visit him; and to know how he did. Buchanan desired the messenger to tell the King, *that he was going to a place, where few kings come.* Indeed the Scripture saith, *Not many wise*

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*men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called.* But yet some are, though not many. Such an one was Job, the greatest and the best man in the East. Such were Absalom, Isaac, and Jacob. Such was Joseph of Arimathea. And such an one was (I hope) ROBERT EARL OF WARWICK.

"Let me tell you, that we have lost this day one of the best natured noblemen in England; and one who had not only a good nature, but (as I verily believe) gracious principles, and religious inclinations and dispositions."

"Let me assure you that as he lived much desired, so he now dieth much lamented, especially by men professing godliness. I have heard a memorable story of an ancient and religious gentleman, Mr. Knightley of Northamptonshire, (well known to some here) who coming to *Leaze*, and beholding the brave parks and goodly gardens, and other such like accommodations thereto he enjoyed, was heard to say to this our Earl--- *My Lord, you had need be very good; it is ill going to hell from such a paradise: it will be a doleful and dismal exchange!* or, as others relate it, *You had need make sure of heaven; or else when you die, you will be a great loser!* A rare speech worthy to be laid to heart by all noble persons. Now I verily persuade myself that this our dear and honourable christian brother is no loser, but a great gainer by his death. He is gone, I hope, from earth to heaven; from an earthly paradise to an heavenly palace; from an house made with hands, to an house made without hands eternal in the heavens.

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"It is true (and it must be confessed lest I should be accounted a flatterer) he had his failings and his many infirmities, which I trust Jesus Christ hath covered with the robe of his righteousness. My prayer to God is, that all his infirmities may be buried in the grave of oblivion; and that all his virtues and graces may supervive, and live in his son and heir; that as he inherits the estate, so he may also inherit the virtues of his father!"\*

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\* Frances, fourth and youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was born at Ely Dec. 6, 1638. Lord Broghill endeavoured to bring about a match between K. Char. II. and her: but it is said that the Protector would not give his consent. She afterwards encouraged the suit of Jerry White, her father's chaplain. She then married, Nov. 11, 1657, *Robert Rich, grandson of the Earl of Warwick*, an union which was soon ended by her husband's death on Feb. 16 following. She did not long remain a widow, but remarried Sir John Russell of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, Bart. who died in 1669, ancestor by her of the succeeding Baronets, extinct within these few years; and from whom Sir Thomas Frankland, being descended in the female line, derives the blood of Cromwell.

She remained the widow of Sir John Russell till her death, the long space of fifty-one years. She died Jan. 27, 1720-1, at the advanced age of eighty-four, after surviving all her brothers and sisters.

Echard says, that "all the other branches of the Rich family treated with perfect hatred the alliance with Cromwell; and that though the Earl and Oliver had little resemblance, yet they were fast friends; and Oliver lamented the death of his son-in-law on all accounts." \*

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\* Noble's *Cromwell*, I. 157. ii. 399....Noble calls Dr. Gauden's Funeral Sermon the most complete piece of pedantic bombast, that disgraces the English language. *Ibid.* 402. Dr. Gauden died Bishop of Worcester September 20, 1662, aged 57; having enjoyed that see only four months.

## ARTICLE IV.

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### *CHARACTER OF*

### MARY COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

*Who died April, 1678.*

[From her Funeral Sermon by Dr. A. Walker.]

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Eureka, Eureka. *The virtuous Woman found, her loss bewailed, and character exemplified, in a Sermon preached at Felsted in Essex, April 30, 1678, at the Funeral, &c. of Mary Countess Dowager of Warwick, &c. With so large additions, as may be stiled the Life of that noble Lady, to which are annexed some of her Ladyship's pious and useful Meditations.* By ANTHONY WALKER, D.D. and Rector of Fifield in the same County.—London, printed for Nathaniel Banew, &c. 1678. 8<sup>vo.</sup> pp. 218.

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THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK was seventh daughter of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. Her youngest brother was the celebrated philosopher and excellent man Robert Boyle. Her second brother was Roger Earl of Orrery, whom the Preacher calls “that great poet, great statesman, great soldier, and great every thing which merits the name of great or good.”

“Her fourth sister Lady Joan (says Dr. Walker) was married to the Earl of Kildare, not only Premier Earl of Ireland, but the ancientest house in Christendom of that degree, the present Earl being the six and twentieth, or seven and twentieth of lineal descent. And, as I have heard, it was that great antiquary, King Charles the First, his observation, that the three ancientest families in Europe for nobility, were the Veres in England, Earls of Oxford; and the Fitzgeralds in Ireland, Earls of Kildare: and Momorancy in France. ‘Tis observable that the present young Earl of Kildare is a mixture of the blood of Fitzgeralds and Veres.”

Lady Mary's husband was Charles Rich, fourth Earl of Warwick, who died 1673; having succeeded his brother Robert in 1659.

“She was great by her marriage unto the noble neighbouring family, which yet received accession to its grandeur by the lustre of her name and virtues. But she needed neither borrowed shades nor reflexive lights to set her off, being personally great in all natural endowments and accomplishments of soul and body, wisdom, beauty, favour, virtue.”

The Preacher mentions amongst her numerous virtues, her “greatness in the conquest of herself, and mastery of her passions, more especially at the time of the death of her dear

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and only son; wherein her behaviour was so submiss, serene, and calm, I confess I cannot but judge it scarce imitable or attainable by any other."

" She was a most incomparable mother, which appeared in the education of one son of her body, and three daughters of her soul; for so I may truly speak. She never bare more than two children; one daughter who died young; and a son, the gallant, hopeful, young LORD RICH, of whom the world hath had an account by the same hand which hath had the unhappy honour to be employed a third time in this mournful service: *Planctus Unigeniti* at the Lord Rich's funeral: *Leez Lachrymans* at the Earl of Warwick's: and this."

The Editor has been induced to add this to the Funeral Sermons of the Warwick family, for the sake of juxta-position. It seems to have been the fashion of this family to have been commemorated by Funeral Sermons. There is certainly something striking in the moral or intellectual traits of most of them.

The family of Boyle had now risen in two generations only into great lustre, from obscure gentry.

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## ARTICLE V.

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### *CHARACTER OF*

### WILLIAM LORD RUSSELL OF THORNHAUGH.

*Who died 16th Sept. 1613.*

[From his Funeral Sermon by William Walker, B.D. 1614. 4<sup>to</sup>.]



*A Sermon preached at the Funeral of the Right Honourable William Lord Russell Baron of Thornhaugh, in Northamptonshire, 16th Sept. 1613. Wherein is briefly set down his Godly Life, together with his Christian Burial. By WILLIAM WALKER, B. D. Preacher of God's Word at Chiswick, Middlesex.----London, printed for John Hodgetts, 1614. 4<sup>to</sup>. pp. 62.*

Dedicated to Richard Earl of Dorset, and his virtuous Countess, Anne, niece to the said Lord Russell.

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“ His education was right Christian: the house of his honourable Father was a very school of virtue to him: where, after his infancy had been trained, he was sent to the habitation of the Muses, the University of Oxford; where he was brought up with his brethren in Magdalen College, at the feet of that excellent divine Dr. Humpfreys.

"After his younger years had been seasoned with religion and learning, he spent diverse years in travelling through France, Germany, Italy, Hungary, and other countries.

"Travel did not infect him; nor strange fashions mar his manners. But as gold, howsoever it be fashioned to diverse forms, yet it always abides gold; so was this honourable Lord in all estates, offices, callings, and countries; ever the same, that is, virtuous, noble, christian. Though he passed through many places infectious for manners, and pestilent for religion; yet did he hold out without being corrupted in his honest living, or subverted in his true religion. And, which is much, he returned thence ~~not only furnished with~~ the tongues, but also beautified with the best fashions.

"After his return he mispent not his time idly in the pleasures of the Court, but most-what painfully in the labours of the camp. Following the wars in Hungary, in France, in Ireland, and in the Low Countries; where he left many notable proofs of his valour and wisdom, being *strenuus miles et prudens imperator*, a hardy soldier, and a wary commander, both which Salust supposes can hardly be found in one man. And so came he to be a General of an army, not because he was noble, but because he was worthy, taking his degrees in the army like a scholar in the University, orderly and for his sufficiency; not *per saltum*, and by way of favour. For he did ever detest those mushrooms, that rise up in a moment, as it were in one night, to great and high places, like the giants that the poets fable of, which were *simul sati et editi*, sown and came up

at one instant, which suppose themselves sufficient for any place that they can purchase, as if authority could give ability and worthiness.

“ It would make up an history to speak of his valiant feats of arms, his brave services, his many employments, and his great places of command; his wise and worthy governments, his love and liberality to soldiers of best desert, which he often complained had little respect. The gracious letters of Queen Elizabeth of most honourable memory, written to him with her own hand writing, which I have seen, wherein she doth acknowledge his good services abroad, and doth encourage him with her high commendation, are plentiful witnesses of his worth in the high-discriminating judgment of that Queen, the wisest and worthiest of her sex that ever swayed sceptre in the world.

“ What shall I speak of his government of Ireland in those three years that he was Deputy there? Who knows not with what good justice and wisdom he governed that kingdom? How careful and industrious he ever was to establish justice, to settle God’s true religion, to banish all superstition and rebellion? And how bravely he vanquished open rebels, and with what resolution and patience he hunted them through bogs, woods, and fastnesses, and that in the midst of winter, sometimes for a whole quarter of a year together, himself always leading the Queen’s army; (for, as he was *primus in ordine*, so was he ever *primus in opere*), all the counsellors, captains, and soldiers of that kingdom that were then there, can well witness; and must needs give him the due praise of a right-wise, valiant, just, and worthy Viceroy. Yea, the castles and forts that he won

from the rebels, the forts that he builded upon them, the overthrows that he gave their enemies, the heads of the head-rebels that he brought in, the countries that he quieted, and his other many excellent and brave actions, are all fresh and full witnesses of his worth, even among his enemies, to whom his name was ever terrible.

“ But the greatest argument of his upright life in his great places and employments was this, that he never increased his wealth or bettered his estate by the same. For he spent sometime a hundred pounds a week in the government of Flushing, when his entertainment in all from the Queen and the States, was but about threescore pound a week; and that was laid out in housekeeping, in magnificent entertaining of nobles, captains, gentlemen, and in his other ever honourable expences: so that he sold of his own land to bear him out in the service of his Prince; but never purchased foot again that ever I could hear of.

“ Neither was this brave Baron more resolute abroad among his enemies, than he was religious at home among his neighbours.

“ And to omit his reading of history and stratagems, and of policies of war; and of diverse authors *de Militia Romana*, and *de Re Militari*, which he hath most-what employed himself in at home, since he was no more employed in action abroad; and by which he did marvellously enable himself in his profession of a commander in the wars; I must needs tell you that he was a very diligent reader of the Bible,” &c.

“ His liberality to the poor, their backs and bellies, that did often bless him, can well witness. He was *Munerarius Pauperum*, and in

St. Ambrose his sense, the hand of Christ to the poor, who received daily alms, and his weekly allowance. These were the hounds which he kept, with which, as Amudeus, a good Duke of Savoy was wont to say, he did hunt for the kingdom of heaven. Neither did he only look upon their misery and need, but also look into it. And to the end to know it better, he would enter into the poor men's houses, and learn of them what they got by their weekly labour, what number of children they had, and enquire how so small means could maintain so many. He would see the bread that they did eat in the time of dearth; and thus finding out the great want of labouring men, that shaming to beg, lived more miserably than ordinary beggars, he would often give them good sums of money, making them believe that he did but lend it them, and causing some about him to pass his word for the repayment, when he never meant to receive it again: but did that, as himself was wont to tell us, in policy to make them continue their labours, and to be good husbands. And when he came home, he would seriously thank God, that had provided for him so plentifully, when his poor brethren, deserving, as he said, better than himself, sustained so much misery.

" If I should speak of his hospitality, and of the extraordinary love which his noble behaviour; joined with true gentleness, did purchase among his neighbours; his affability, courtesy, taking notice of the qualities of all his neighbours; and his ever doing good to the well-deserving, and his good admonitions to the evil, if occasion served him to talk with them, and of his care to encourage all in goodness, and to do good to all,

and hurt to none, the time would fail me. One thing let me tell: he was ever a benefactor to some captains or poor gentlemen. And his liberality to such did never come out at the foregate: he would send it, or give it, most secretly ever, upon my knowledge, pulling their names out of their letters, written to him, and sending money to be paid to such a one at his lodging, as if it had been a debt rather than a gift."

"And though he held many honourable places, yet did he ever as much honour the places with his worth, as the places honoured him with their height: whereas ever bad men do debase great places when they get into them: and therefore Tully told Ceasar, setting up base men in honourable places, that he did not so much grace their persons with the places, as disgrace the places with such persons."

"When I urged him to confess before God his particular sins, and those or that darling sin that he had most delighted in; and to pray to God for repentance and pardon; he acknowledged before us all, that he had often and fearfully offended God in swaggering, in fighting, in swearing, in too high prizing of himself, and profaning the Sabbath in his younger days, and by his many other sins."

"And now, noble Lord, who art a son every way worthy of so worthy a father, let me say to you, as St. Jerome once did to Heleodorus, *Ne doleas quod talem amiseris, sed gaudeas quod talem habueris,*" &c.

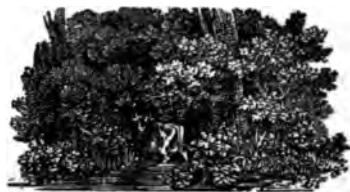
WILLIAM LORD RUSSELL OF THORNHAUGH was *fourth* son of *Francis Russell second Earl of Bedford*, who died July 28, 1585, aged fifty-eight, by Bridget, daughter of John Lord Hussey. His elder brother Francis Lord Russell, who was slain in a fray on the Scottish borders, the very day (as it seems) before his father's death, was father of Edward *third Earl of Bedford*, who died without issue May 3, 1627, leaving a widow, Lucy, daughter of John Lord Harington, the patroness of the Wits of her day.

This William Lord Russell of Thornhaugh succeeded Sir Philip Sydney, as Governor of Flushing 1587-8; and was constituted *Lord Deputy of Ireland* May 16, 1594. From this high place he was recalled at his own request in about two years; and succeeded by Thomas Lord Borough.

On King James's accession he was advanced to the Peerage on July 21, 1603. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Long, Esq. of Shengay, in Cambridgeshire.

He was succeeded by his only son FRANCIS *second Lord Russell of Thornhaugh*, who married Catherine, daughter and coheir of Giles Brydges, third Lord Chandos of Sudeley--and who in 1627 succeeded his cousin Edward as **FOURTH EARL OF**

**BEDFORD.** This was that great Earl who was the principal undertaker of the drainage of the celebrated fens, called *The Bedford Levels*, and whose character at the time of the Rebellion makes a distinguished portrait in the History of Lord Clarendon. He died May 9, 1641, leaving by Catherine Brydges a son and heir **WILLIAM**, who became **FIFTH EARL**, and **FIRST DUKE OF BEDFORD**.



## ARTICLE VI.

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### TITLES OF TWO POEMS ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PRINCE OF WALES.

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1. *The Three Sisters Teares: Shed at the late solemne Funeral of the Royal deceased Henry Prince of Wales, &c.*

R. N. Oxon.

Mors aquæ pulsat pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres.

London, printed by T. S. for Richard Redmer, and are to be sold at his shop neere the West Dore of Paules Church. 1613. 4<sup>to</sup>. Sign F. 2.

Dedicatory Sonnet to Lady Honor Hay, wife to James Lord Hay, daughter and heir to the Lord Denny, signed RICHARD NICCOLS.

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The three Sisters are, Angels, (England) Albana, (Scotland) and Cambera, (Wales).

RICHARD NICCOLS was the Author of the last edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1610.

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2. *An Epicede, or Funeral Song, &c. on the Death of Henry Prince of Wales, &c.*  
*who died 6th Nov. 1612.*

*London, printed by T. S. for John Budge, &c. 1612. 4<sup>to</sup>. Sign E. 2.*

Dedicated to his affectionate and true friend Mr. Henry Jones, by GEORGE  
CHAPMAN.

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When I commenced this article, I intended only to give the titles of the two poems. On reperusing CHAPMAN's EPICEDE I am tempted to give large extracts, if not the whole. Mr. Singer has already given specimens in his Preface to this poet's *Hymns*. There is a force, a laboured strength, and an originality in the present production, which entitle it to be brought into the notice of every one who knows how to appreciate fervid and vigorous intellect combined with exalted and virtuous feeling.

TO

*MY AFFECTIONATE AND TRUE FRIEND*

**Mr. Henry Jones.**

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**MY TRUEST FRIEND,**

*THE most unvaluable and dismayful hope of my most dear and heroical patron, Prince HENRY, hath so stricken all my spirits to the earth, that I will never more dare to look up to any greatness; but resolving the little rest of my poor life to obscurity, and the shadow of his death, prepare ever hereafter for the light of heaven.*

*So absolute, constant, and noble your love hath been to me, that, if I should not as effectually by all my best expressions acknowledge it, I could neither satisfy mine own affection, nor deserve yours.*

*Accept therefore, as freely as I acknowledge, this unprofitable sign of my love; till, God blessing my future labours, I may add a full end to whatsoever is begun in your assurance of my requital. A little blest makes a great feast, my best friend; and therefore despair not, but out of that little, our loves always made even may make you say, you have rather been happy in your kindness, than in the least degree hurt. There may favours pass betwixt poor friends, which even the richest and greatest may envy. And God, that yet never let me live, I know will never let me die an impair to any friend. If any good, more than requital, succeed, it is all yours as freely, as ever yours was mine; in which noble freedom and alacrity of doing, you have thrice done all I acknowledge. And thus knowing I*

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*give you little contentment in this so far unexpected publication of my gratitude, I rest satisfied with the ingenuous discharge of mine own office. Your extraordinary and noble love and sorrow borne to our most sweet Prince entitles you worthily to this dedication: which, with my general love protested to your whole name and family, I conclude you as desertful of at my hands, as our noblest Earl, and so ever remain,*

*Your most true poor Friend,*

**GEORGE CHAPMAN.**

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**An Epicede, or Funeral Song:**

**On the most disastrous Death of the High-born Prince of Men,  
HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, &c.**

.....  
If ever adverse influence envied  
The glory of our lands, or took a pride  
To trample on our height; or in the eye  
Struck all the pomp of principality,  
Now it hath done so! Oh, if ever Heaven  
Made with the earth his angry reckoning even,

Now it hath done so. Ever, ever be  
Admired, and fear'd, that Triple Majesty,  
Whose finger could so easily stick a fate  
'Twixt least felicity, and greatest state;  
Such, as should melt our shore into a sea,  
And dry our ocean with calamity.  
Heaven open'd, and but shew'd him to our eyes;  
Then shut again, and shew'd our miseries.

O God, to what end are our Graces given?  
Only to shew the world, men fit for heaven;  
Then ravish them, as if too good for earth?  
We know the most exempt in wealth, power, birth,  
Or any other blessing, should employ,  
As to their chief end, all things they enjoy,  
To make them fit for heaven; and not pursue  
With hearty appetite the damned crew  
Of merely sensual and earthly pleasures.  
But when one hath done so, shall strait the treasures  
Digg'd to, in those deeps, be consumed by death?  
Shall not the rest, that error swalloweth,  
Be, by the pattern of that masterpiece,  
Help'd to instruct their erring faculties?  
When, without clear example, even the best,  
That cannot put by knowledge to the test

What they are taught, serve like the worst in field?  
Is power to force who will not freely yield,  
(Being great assistant to divine example,)  
As vain a pillar to thy manly temple?  
When without perfect knowledge, which scarce one  
Of many kingdoms reach, no other stone  
Man hath to build one corner of thy Fane,  
Save one of these? But when the desperate wane  
Of power, and of example to all good,  
So spent is, that one cannot turn the flood  
Of goodness 'gainst her ebb; but both must ply,  
And be at full too; or her stream will dry;  
Where shall they meet again, now he is gone,  
Where both went foot by foot; and both were one?

One that in hope took up to topless height  
All his great ancestors; his one sail, freight  
With all, all Princes' treasures; he, like one  
Of no importance, no way built upon,  
Vanish'd without the end, for which he had  
Such matchless virtues, and was Godlike made!  
Have thy best works no better cause t' express  
Themselves like men, and thy true images?  
To toil in Virtue's study; to sustain  
With comfort for her want and shame and pain;

No nobler end in this life, than a death  
Timeless, wretched, wrought with less than breath?  
And nothing solid, worthy of our souls?  
Nothing that Reason more than sense extolls?  
Nothing that may in perfect judgment be  
A fit foot for our crown eternity?  
All which thou seem'st to tell us in this one  
Killing discomfort; apt to make our moan  
Conclude 'gainst all things serious and good;  
Ourselves not thy forms, but Chimera's brood.

Now, Princes, dare ye boast your vig'rous states,  
That Fortune's breath thus builds and ruinates?  
Exalt your spirits? trust in flow'ry youth?  
Give reins to pleasure? all your humours soothe?  
Licence in rapine? powers exempt from laws?  
Contempt of all things but your own applause?  
And think your swindge, to any tyranny given,  
Will stretch as broad, and last as long as heaven;  
When He, that curb'd with Virtue's hand his power,  
His youth with continence; his sweet with sour;  
Boldness with pious fear; his palate's height  
Applied to health; and not to appetite;  
Felt timeless sickness' charge; state, power to fly;  
And glutted Death with all his cruelty?

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Partial Devourer<sup>b</sup> ever of the best,  
With head-long rapture, sparing long the rest,  
Could not the precious tears his Father shed,  
(That are with kingdoms to be ransomed?)  
His bleeding prayer,<sup>1</sup> upon his knees t' implore,  
That if for any sin of his Heaven tore  
From his most royal body that chief limb,  
It might be ransom'd for the rest of Him?

Could not the sacred eyes thou didst profane  
In his great mother's tears? The spiteful bane  
Thou pour'dst upon the cheeks of all the graves  
In his more gracious sisters? The defaces  
(With all the Furies' overflowing galls,)  
Cursedly fronting her near nuptials?  
Could not, O could not the Almighty ruth  
Of all these force thee to forbear the youth  
Of our incomparable Prince of Men?  
Whose age had made thy iron fork his pen,  
To eternize what it doth murder merely:  
And shall have from my soul my curses yearly.

Tyrant, what know'st thou, but the barbarous wound  
Thou gav'st the Son, the Father might confound?

---

<sup>b</sup> To Death.

<sup>1</sup> The Prayer of the King in the Prince's sickness.

Both lived so mixtly, and were jointly One,  
Spirit to spirit cleft. The Humour bred  
In one heart strait was with the other fed;  
The blood of one the other's heart did fire;  
The heart and humour were the Son and Sire;  
The heart yet void of humour's slender'st part,  
May easier live than humour without heart;  
The river needs the helpful fountain ever,  
More than the fountain the supplied river.  
As th' iron then,<sup>k</sup> when it hath once put on  
The magnet's quality, to the virtuous stone  
Is ever drawn, and not the stone to it;  
So may the heavens<sup>l</sup> the Son's fate not admit  
To draw the Father's, till a hundred years  
Have drown'd that issue to him in our tears.

Blest<sup>m</sup> yet, and sacred shall thy memory be,  
O nothing-less-than-mortal Deity!  
Thy Graces, like the Sun, to all men giving,  
Fatal to thee in Death, but kill me living.  
Now as inverted, like th' Antipodes,  
The world, (in all things of desert to please)

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<sup>k</sup> Simile.

<sup>l</sup> Apodesis.

<sup>m</sup> Reditio ad Principem.

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Is fall'n on us with thee: thy ruins lie  
On our burst bosoms, as if from the sky  
The Day-star, greater than the world, were driven  
Sunk to the earth, and left a hole in heaven;  
Through which a second deluge now pours down  
On our poor earth; in which are overflown  
The seeds of all the sacred Virtues, set  
In his Spring-Court, where all the prime spirits met  
Of all our kingdoms, as if from the death  
That in man living, baseness and rapine sheath,  
Where they before lived, they unwares were come  
Into a free, and fresh Elysium.<sup>a</sup>  
Casting regenerate and refined eyes  
On him that raised them from their graves of vice,  
Digg'd in their old grounds, to spring fresh on those  
That his divine ideas did propose,  
First to himself; and then would form in them  
Who did not thirst to plant his son near him,  
As near the Thaines their houses? What one worth  
Was there in all our world, that set not forth

---

<sup>a</sup> Those that came to the Prince's service seemed (compared with the places they lived in before) to rise from death to the fields of life, intending the best part of young and noble gentlemen.

All his deserts, to pilgrim to his favours,  
With all devotion, offering all his labours?  
And how the wild Boar, Barbarism, now  
Will root their quick-sets up? What herb should grow,  
That is not sown in his inhuman tracts?  
No thought of good shall spring, but many acts  
Will crop, or blast, or blow it up: and see  
How left to this, the mournful family,  
Muffled in black clouds, full of tears are driven  
With storms about the relics of this heaven;  
Retiring from the world, like corses, hearst  
Home to their graves, a hundred ways disperst.  
O that this Court-School,° this Olimpus merely,  
Where two-fold man was practised, should so early  
Dissolve the celebration, purposed there  
Of all Heroic parts, when far and near,  
All were resolved to admire, none to contend;  
When in the place of all, one wretched end  
Will take up all endeavours, Harpy Gain,  
Pandar to goat-ambition; golden chain<sup>p</sup>

---

\* The Prince's House, an Olimpus, where all contention of virtues were practised.

p Nou Homeri Aurea Restis.

To true man's freedom; not from Heaven let fall  
To draw men up; but shot from Hell to haul  
All men, as bond-slaves, to his Turkish den,  
For toads and adders far more fit than men.

His House had well his surname from a Saint,<sup>a</sup>  
All things so sacred did so lively paint  
Their pious figures in it; and as well  
His other House<sup>b</sup> did in his name foretell  
What it should harbour; a rich world of parts  
Bonfire-like kindling, the still-feasted arts,  
Which now on bridle's bite, and puff contempt  
Spurs to despair, from all fit food exempt.

O what a frame of good, in all hopes raised  
Came tumbling down with Him! as when was seized  
By Grecian fury famous Ilion,  
Whose fall still rings out his confusion.  
What Triumphs scatter'd at his feet, lie smoking!  
Banquets that will not down; their cheerers choking;  
Fields fought, and hidden now with future slaughter,  
Furies sit frowning, where late safe sweet Laughter;  
The active lying maim'd, the healthful crazed,  
All round about his hearse! And how amazed

---

<sup>a</sup> St. James his house.

<sup>b</sup> Richmond.

The change of things stands! How astonish'd Joy  
Wonders he ever was! Yet every toy  
Quits this grave loss: Rainbows no sooner taint  
Thin dewy vapours, which opposed beams paint  
Round in an instant, (at which children stare  
And slight the Sun, that makes them circular  
And so disparent) than mere gauds pierce men,  
Slighting the graves, like fools, and children.  
So courtly near plagues soothe and stupify;  
And with such pain men leave self-flattery.  
Of which<sup>\*</sup> to see him free (who stood no less  
Than a full siege of such) who can express  
His most direct infusion from above,  
Far from the humorous seed of mortal love?

He knew that justice simply used was best;<sup>t</sup>  
Made princes most secure, most loved, most blest;  
No artisan, no scholar could pretend;  
No statesman, no divine for his own end  
Any thing to him, but he would descend  
The depth of any right belong'd to it,  
Where they could merit, or himself should quit.

---

\* The Prince not to be wrought on by flattery.

t His knowledge and wisdom.

He would not trust with what himself concern'd<sup>u</sup>  
Any in any kind; but ever learn'd  
The grounds of what he built on: Nothing lies  
In man's fit course, that his own knowledge flies  
Either direct, or circumstantial.  
O what are Princes then, that never call  
Their actions to account; but flatterers trust  
To make their trial, if unjust or just?  
Flatterers<sup>v</sup> are household thieves; traitors by law,  
That rob kings' honours, and their soul's blood draw;  
Diseases, that keep nourishment from their food.  
And as to know himself is man's chief good,  
So that, which intercepts that supreme skill,  
(Which Flattery is), is the supremest ill:  
Whose looks will breed the Basilisk in Kings' eyes,  
That by reflection of his sight dies.  
And<sup>w</sup> as a nurse lab'ring in wayward child,  
Day and night watching it, like an offspring wild,

<sup>u</sup> Any man is capable of his own fit course and office in any thing.

<sup>v</sup> *Apostrophe.* Men grow so ugly by trusting flattery with their informations, that when they see themselves truly, by casting their eyes inward, they cast themselves away with their own loathing.

<sup>w</sup> Simile.

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---

Talks infinitely idly to it still;  
Sings with a standing throat to worse from ill;  
Lord blesses it; bears with his pukes and cries;  
And to give it a long life's miseries,  
Sweetens his food; rocks; kisses; sings again;  
Plies it with rattles, and all objects vain:

So flatterers, with as servile childish things,  
Observe and soothe the wayward moods of Kings;  
So Kings, that flatterers love, had need to have  
As nurse-like counsellors, and contemn the grove,  
Themselves as wayward and as noisome too;  
Full as unblameable in all they do,  
As poor sick infants ever breeding teeth,  
In all their humours, that be worse than death.  
How wise then was our Prince, that hated these,  
And would with nought but truth his humour please:  
Nor would he give a place, but when he saw  
One that could use it, and become a law  
Both to his fortunes, and his Prince's honour,  
Who would give fortune nought she took upon her;  
Nor give but to descent; nor take a chance  
That might not justly his wish'd ends advance.  
His good he join'd with equity and truth;  
Wisdom in years crown'd his ripe head in youth.

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---

His heart wore all the folds of policy:  
Yet went as naked as simplicity.  
Knew good and ill; but only good did love;  
In him the Serpent did embrace the Dove.  
He was not curious to sound all the stream  
Of others' acts; yet kept his own from them:  
“ He, whose most dark deeds dare not stand the light,  
Begot was of imposture and the night.  
Who surer than a man doth ends secure,  
Either a God is, or a Devil sure.”  
The President of Men, whom (as Men can)  
All men should imitate, was God and Man.  
In these clear deeps our Prince fish'd troubled streams  
Of blood, and vantage challenge diadems.  
In sum, (knot-like) he was together put,  
That no man could dissolve; and so was cut,  
But we shall see our foul-mouth'd Faction's spite  
(Mark'd, witch-like, with one black eye, th' other white)  
Ope and oppose against this spotless Sun;  
Such heaven strike blinder than th' eclipsed moon,  
'Twixt whom and nobless, or humanity's truth,  
As much dull earth lies, and as little ruth,  
(Should all things sacred perish) as there lies  
'Twixt Phœbe, and the light-fount of the skies,

In her most dark delinquence: vermin right,  
That prey in darkness, and abhor the light;  
Live by the spoil of virtue; are not well  
But when they hear news, from their father Hell,  
Of some black mischief; never do good deed,  
But where it does much harm, or hath no need.

What shall become of Virtue's far-short train,  
When thou their head art reach'd, high Prince of Men?  
O that thy life could have dispersed Death's storms,  
To give fair act to those heroic forms,  
With which all good rules had enrich'd thy mind,  
Preparing for affairs of every kind;  
Peace being but a pause to breathe fierce war;  
No warrant dormant, to neglect his star;  
The licence sense hath, is t' inform the soul;  
Not to suppress her, and our lusts extoll;  
This life in all things, to enjoy the next;  
Of which laws thy youth both contain'd the text  
And the contents; ah, that thy grey-ripe years  
Had made of all Cæsarian Commentaries,  
(More than can now be thought) in fact t' enrol,  
And make black Faction blush away her soul.

That as a Temple, \* built when piety  
Did to divine ends offer specially,  
What men enjoy'd; that wondrous state express,  
Strange act, strange cost; yet who had interest  
In all the frame of it; and saw those days,  
Admired but little; and as little praise  
Gave to the goodly Fabric: but when men,  
That live whole ages after, view it, then  
They gaze and wonder; and the longer time  
It stands, the more it glorifies his prime;  
Grows fresh in honour; and the age doth shame  
That in such monuments neglect such fame;  
So had thy sacred frame been raised to height,  
Form, fulness, ornament; the more the light  
Had given it view, the more had men admired;  
And tho' men now are scarce to warmness fired  
With love of thee; but rather cold and dead  
To all sense of the grace they forfeited  
In thy neglect and loss; yet after ages  
Would be inflamed, and put on holy rages  
With thy inspiring Virtues; cursing those  
Whose breaths dare blast thus, in the bud, the Rose.

---

\* Simile.

But thou, (woe's me!) art blown up before blown;  
And as the ruins of some famous town  
Shew here a temple stood; a palace here;  
A citadel; an amphitheatre;  
Of which, alas, some broken arches still,  
(Pillars or columns rased; which art did fill  
With all her riches and divinity,)  
Return their great and worthy memory:  
So of our Prince's state I nought rehearse,  
But shew his ruins bleeding in my verse.  
What poison'd Ast'rism may his death accuse?  
Tell thy astonish'd prophet, deathless Muse;  
And make my stars therein, the more adverse,  
The more advance with sacred rage my verse;  
And so adorn my dearest fautor's hearse.  
That all the wits profane of these bold times  
May fear to spend their spawn of their rank rhymes  
On any touch of Him, that should be sung  
To ears divine, and ask an angel's tongue.  
With this it thunder'd; and a lightning shew'd  
Where she sat writing in a sable cloud:  
A pen so hard and sharp express'd her plight,  
It bit through flint; and did in diamond write:

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---

Her words she sung; and laid out such a breast,  
As melted Heaven, and vex'd the very blest.  
In which she called all worlds to her complaints;  
And how her loss grew, thus with tears she paints:<sup>y</sup>

“ Hear earth and heaven, (and you that have no ears)<sup>x</sup>  
Hell, and the hearts of tyrants, hear my tears!  
Thus Britain Henry took his timeless end;  
When his great Father did so far transcend  
All other kings; and that he had a Son  
In all his Father's gifts so far begun,  
As added to Fame's pinions double wings;  
And, as brave rivers broken from their springs,  
The further off grow greater, and disdain  
To spread a narrower current than the main,  
Had drawn in all deserts such ample spheres,  
As hope yet never turn'd about his years.  
All other Princes with his parts comparing,  
Like all Heaven's petty luminaries faring,  
To radiant Lucifer, the Day's first-born,  
It hurl'd a fire red as a threatening morn.  
On fiery Rhamnusia's<sup>a</sup> sere and sulphurous spite,  
Who turn'd the stern orbs of her ghastly sight

---

<sup>y</sup> Muse Lachrymæ.

<sup>x</sup> The cause and manner of the Prince's death.

<sup>a</sup> Rhamnusia, Goddess of Revenge, and taken for Fortune, in envy of our Prince excited Fever against him.

About each corner of her vast command,  
And in the turning of her bloody hand  
Sought how to ruin endlessly our hope,  
And set to all mishap all entries ope.

And see, how ready means to mischief are!  
She saw, fast by, the blood-affecting FEVER,<sup>b</sup>  
(E'en when th' autumnal star began t' expire)  
Gathering in vapours thin ethereal fire:  
Of which her venom'd finger did impart  
To our brave Prince's fount of heat, the heart,  
A preternatural heat; which thro' the veins  
And arteries, by the blood and spirits' means  
Diffused about the body, and enflamed,  
Begat a Fever to be never named:  
And now this loather of the lovely light,  
Begot of Erebus, and ugly Night;  
Mounted in haste her new and noiseful car,  
Whose wheels had beam-spokes from th' Hungarian<sup>c</sup> star;  
And all the other frame and freight from thence  
Derived their rude and ruthless influence.  
Up to her left side leap'd infernal Death,  
His head hid in a cloud of sensual breath;

---

<sup>b</sup> The Fever the Prince died of, by Prosopopeia, described by her effects and circumstances.

<sup>c</sup> The Fever the Prince died of is observed by our modern Physicians to be begun in Hungary.

By her sat furious Anguish; pale Despite;  
Murmur, and Sorrow, and possest Affright;  
Yellow Corruption; marrow-eating Care;  
Languor; chill Trembling; Fits irregular;  
Inconstant Colour; feeble-voiced Complaint;  
Relentless Rigour; and Confusion faint;  
Frantic Distemper; and hair-eyed Unrest;<sup>a</sup>  
And short-breathed Thirst, with th' ever-burning breast.  
A wreath of adders bound her trenched brows;  
Where Torment ambush'd lay with all her throes.  
Marmarian Lions,<sup>b</sup> fringed with flaming manes,  
Drew this grim Fury, and her brood of Banes;  
Their hearts of glowing coals murmur'd and roar'd,  
To bear her crook'd yokes, and her Banes abhor'd,  
To their dear Prince, that bore them in his arms,  
And should not suffer, for his good, their harms.  
Then from Hell's burning whirl-pit up she haul'd  
The horrid Monster, fierce Echidna call'd;  
That from her Stygian jaws doth vomit ever  
Quittance, and venom; yet is empty never.

---

<sup>a</sup> Out of the property of the Hare, that never shuts her eyes sleeping.

<sup>b</sup> Marmarice Leones, of Marmarica, a region of Africa, where the fiercest lions are bred; with which Fever is supposed to be drawn, for their excess of heat and violence, part of the effects of this fever. The properties of the Fever in these effects.

Then burn'd her blood-shot eyes; her temples yet  
Were cold as ice; her neck all drown'd in sweat;  
Paleness spread all her breast; her life's heat stung;  
The Mind's Interpreter, her scorched tongue  
Flow'd with blue poison: from her yawning mouth  
Rheums fell like spouts fill'd from the stormy South:  
Which, being corrupt, the hue of saffron took;  
A fervent vapour all her body shook:  
From whence her vexed spirits, a noisome smell  
Expired in fumes that look'd as black as Hell.  
A ceaseless torrent did her nostrils steep;  
Her wither'd entrails took no rest; no sleep:  
Her swoln throat rattled, warm'd with life's last spark;  
And in her salt jaws painful Coughs did bark:  
Her teeth were stain'd with rust; her sluttish hand  
She held out reeking, like a new-quench'd brand:  
Arm'd with crook'd talons, like the horned Moon,  
All Cheer, all Ease, all Hope with her was gone:  
In her left hand a quenchless fire did glow;  
And in her right palm freezed Sithonian snow.  
The ancient Romans did a Temple build  
To her, as whom a Deity they held:  
So hid, and far from care of man she flies,  
In whose life's power she mates the Deities.

When fell Rhamnusia<sup>f</sup> saw this Monster near,  
Her steel-heart sharpening, thus she spake to her:  
“ See’st thou this Prince, great Maid and seed of Night,  
Whose brows cast beams about them, like the light;  
Who joys securely in all present state,  
Nor dreams what Fortune is, or future Fate:  
At whom with fingers and with fixed eyes  
All kingdoms point; and look and sacrifice  
Could be content to give him: Temples raise  
To his expectance, and unbounded praise:  
His now ripe spirits and valour doth despise  
Sickness and sword, that give our Godheads price:  
His worth contracts the worlds in his sole hope;  
Religion, Virtue, Conquest have no scope,  
But his endowments! At him, at him fly!  
More swift and timeless, more the Deity!  
His summer, winter with the jellied flakes;  
His pure lie poison; sting out with thy snakes:  
This is a work will fame thy maidenhead!”  
With this her speech and she together fled;  
Nor durst<sup>s</sup> she more endure her dreadful eyes;  
Who stung with goads her roaring lions’ thighs.

<sup>f</sup> Rhamnusia’s excitation of Fever.

<sup>s</sup> Rhamnusia durst no longer endure her; being stirred into fury.

And brandish'd round about her snake-curl'd head,  
With her left hand the torch it managed.

And now Heaven's Smith<sup>b</sup> kindled his forge; and blew;  
And through the round pole thick the sparkles flew;  
When great Prince Henry, the delight of Fame,  
Darken'd the palace of his Father's name;  
And hid his white limbs in his downy bed;  
Then Heaven wept falling stars, that summoned  
With soft and silent motion Sleep to breathe  
On his bright temples th' ominous form of death;  
Which now the cruel Goddess did permit,  
That she might enter so her maiden fit.

When the good Angel,<sup>i</sup> his kind Guardian,  
Her wither'd foot saw near this spring of man;  
He shriek'd, and said; "What are thy rude ends?  
Cannot in him alone all Virtue's friends,  
(Melted into his all-upholding nerves;  
For whose assistance every Deity serves;)  
Move thee to prove thy Godhead, blessing him  
With long long life, whose light extinct will dim

---

<sup>b</sup> The starry evening described by Vulcan's setting to work at that time. The night being ever chieftestly consecrate to the works of the Gods; and out of this Deity's fires the stars are supposed to fly, as sparkles of them.

<sup>i</sup> The good Angel of the Prince to the Fever, as she approached.

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---

All heavenly graces?" All this moved her nought;  
But on; and in *his*, all *our* ruins wrought.  
She touch'd the thresholds; and the thresholds shook;  
The door-posts Paleness pierced with her faint look:  
The doors brake open; and the fatal bed  
Rudely she' approach'd; and thus her fell mouth said:  
" Henry,<sup>k</sup> why takest thou thus thy rest secure;  
Nought doubting what Fortunes and Fates assure?  
Thou never yet felt'st my red right hand's maims;  
That I to thee, and Fate to me proclaims:  
Thy fate stands idle; spins no more thy thread;  
Die thou must, great Prince! sigh not: bear thy head  
In all things free, even with necessity:  
If sweet it be to live; 'tis sweet to die!"

This said, she shook at him her torch, and cast  
A fire in him, that all his breast embraced;  
Then darting through his heart a deadly cold;  
And as much venom, as his veins could hold;  
Death, Death, O Death, inserting, thrusting in,  
Shut his fair eyes; and oped our ugly sin.

---

<sup>k</sup> Feyer to the Prince, who is thought by a Friend of mine to speak too mildly; not being *satis compos mentis Portice*, in this. Her counsel or persuasion shewing only how the Prince was persuaded and resolved in his deadliest sufferance of her, which she is made to speak in spite of herself, since he at her worst was so sacredly resolute.

This seen, resolved on by herself and Fate,  
Was there a sight so pale and desperate  
Ever before seen in a thrust-through State?

The poor Virginian,<sup>1</sup> miserable sail,  
A long-long-night-turn'd-day, that lived in Hell,  
Never so pourtray'd, where the billows strove  
(Black'd like so many devils) which should prove  
The damned Victor; all their furies heightening;  
Their drum the thunder; and their colours lightning;  
Both soldiers in the battle; one contending  
To drown the waves in noise; the other spending  
His hell-hot sulphurous flames to drink them dry:  
When heaven was lost; when not a tear-wreck'd eye  
Could tell in all that dead time if they were  
Sinking or sailing; till a quickening clear  
Gave light to save them by the ruth of rocks  
At the Bermudas; when the tearing shocks  
And all the miseries before, more felt  
Than here half told; all, all this did not melt  
Those desperate few, still dying, more in tears,  
Than this death all men to the marrow wears:

---

<sup>1</sup> Description of the tempest that cast Sir Thomas Gates on the Bermudas; and the state of his ships and men to this kingdom's plight applied in the Prince's death.

Select Funeral Memorials. . . . 63

---

All that are men; the rest, those drudging beasts,  
That only bear of men the coats and crests;  
And for their slave, sick, that can earn them pence,  
More mourn, O monsters, than for such a Prince;  
Whose souls do ebb and flow still with their gain;  
Whom nothing moves but pelf, and their own pain!  
Let such, great Heaven, be only born to bear  
All that can follow this meer massacre.

Lost is our poor Prince; all his sad endurers;  
The busy art of those that should be curers;  
The sacred vows made by the zealous King,  
His godlike Sire; his often visiting;  
Nor thy grave prayers and presence, Holy Man,<sup>m</sup>  
This realm' thrice-reverend Metropolitan,  
That was the worthy Father to his soul;  
The' insulting Fever could one fit controul.  
Nor let me here forget one far and near;  
And in his life's love passing deep and dear,  
That doth his sacred memory adore,  
Virtue's true fautor, his grave Chancellor,<sup>n</sup>

---

<sup>m</sup> The Archbishop of Canterbury, passing pious in care of the Prince.

<sup>n</sup> Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls, and the Prince's Chancellor; a chief sorower for him.

Whose worth in all works should a place enjoy,  
Where his fit fame her trumpet shall employ;  
Whose cares and prayers were ever used to ease  
His fev'rous war, and send him healthful peace;  
Yet sick our Prince is still; who though the steps  
Of bitter Death he saw bring in by heaps  
Clouds to his lustre, and poor rest of light;  
And felt his last day suffering lasting night;  
His true-bred brave soul shrunk yet at no part;  
Down kept he all sighs with his powers all-heart;  
Clear'd even his dying brows: and in an eye  
Manly dissembling, hid his misery.  
And all to spare the Royal heart so spent  
In his sad Father, fearful of th' event.<sup>o</sup>

And now did Phœbus<sup>p</sup> with his twelfth lamp shew  
The world his hapless light; and in his brow  
A torch of pitch stuck, lighting half t' half skies,  
When Life's last error press'd the broken eyes  
Of this heart-breaking Prince; his forced look fled;  
Fled was all colour from his cheeks; yet fed

---

<sup>o</sup> The Prince heroicall his bearing his sickness at the King's coming to see him, careful not to discomfort him.

<sup>p</sup> The twelfth day after his beginning to be sick, his sickness was held to be incurable.

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---

His spirit his sight: with dying now, he cast  
On his kind King, and Father: on whom fast  
He fix'd his fading beams: and with his view  
A little did their empty orbs renew:  
His Mind<sup>a</sup> saw him come from the deeps of Death,  
To whom he said, O Author of my Breath;  
Soul to my life, and essence to my soul,  
Why grieve you so, that should all grief controul?  
Death's sweet to me, that you are still life's creature:  
I now have finish'd the great work of Nature.  
I see you pay a perfect Father's debt;  
And in a feastful peace your empire kept:  
If your true son's last words have any right  
In your most righteous bosom, do not fright  
Your hearkening Kingdoms to your carriage new;  
All yours in me I here resign to you,  
*My youth, I pray to God with my last powers,*  
*Subtract from me may add to you and yours!*  
Thus vanish'd He, thus swift, thus instantly;  
Ah now, I see, e'en heavenly Powers must die.

---

<sup>a</sup> The Prince dying to the King.

Now shift the King and Queen<sup>1</sup> from Court to Court;  
But no way can shift off their Cares' resort;  
That which we hate, the more we fly pursues;  
That which we love, the more we seek, eschues.  
Now weeps his princely Brother; now, alas,  
His Cynthian Sister, our sole earthly Grace,  
Like Hebe's fount still overflows her bounds;  
And in her cold lips stick astonish'd sounds:  
Sh' oppresseth her sweet kind; in her soft breast  
Care can no vent find, it is so comprest.

And see<sup>\*</sup> how the Promethean liver grows,  
As Vulture Grief devours it: see fresh shows  
Revive woe's sense, and multiply her soul;  
And worthily; for who would tears controul  
On such a springing ground? 'Tis dearly fit  
To pay all tribute thought can pour on it.  
For why were Funerals first used but for these,  
Presaged and cast in their nativities?  
The streams were check'd awhile: so torrents staid  
Enrage the more; but are, left free, allay'd.

---

<sup>1</sup> The sorrows and bemoans of the King, Queen, Prince, and his most Princely Sister, for the Prince's death.

\* The Funeral described.

Now our grim waves march altogether; now  
Our black seas run so high, they overflow  
The clouds they nourish; now the gloomy hearse  
Puts out the sun. Revive, revive, dead Verse;  
Death hath slain Death; there there the person lies,  
Whose death should buy out all mortalities.

But let the world be now a heap of Death;  
Life's joy lies dead in him; and challengeth  
No less a reason: if all motion stood  
Benumb'd and stupified with his frozen blood;  
And like a tombstone, fix'd, lay all the seas;  
There were fit pillars for our Hercules  
To brand the world with: Men had better die  
Than outlive free times, slaves to policy.

On, on, sad Train, as from a crannied rock  
Bee-swarms, robb'd of their honey ceaseless flock.  
Mourn, mourn: dissected now his cold limbs lie;  
Ah, knit so late with flame, and majesty!  
Where's now his gracious smile? his sparkling eye?  
His judgment, valour, magnanimity?  
O God, what doth not one short hour snap up  
Of all men's gloss? Still overflows the cup  
Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together;  
And lighter than the shadow of a feather.

On: make earth pomp as frequent as ye can;  
'Twill still leave black the fairest flower of Man.  
Ye well may lay all cost on misery;  
'Tis all can boast the proud'st Humanity!

If young Marcellus had to grace his fall  
Six hundred hearse at his funeral,  
Sylla six thousand; let Prince Henry have  
Six millions bring him to his greedy grave.  
And now the States of Earth thus mourn below;  
Behold in Heaven Love with his broken bow;  
His quiver downwards turn'd; his brands put out,  
Hanging his wings; with sighs all black about.

Nor less our loss his Mother's heart infests;  
Her melting palms beating her snowy breasts;  
As much confused, as when the Calidon Boar  
The thigh of her divine Adonis tore:  
Her vowes all vain; resolved to bless his years  
With issue royal, and exempt from fears;  
Who now died fruitless; and prevented then  
The blest of women, of the best of men.

Mourn, all ye Arts; ye are not of the earth;  
Fall, fall with him; rise with his second birth:  
Lastly with gifts enrich the sable Fane;  
And odorous lights eternally maintain!

EPITAPHIUM.

*So fits, alas, an everlasting river,  
As our loss in him, past, will last for ever.  
The golden age, star-like, shot through our sky,  
Arm'd at his pomp renew'd; and stuck in's eye.  
And (like the sacred knot, together put)  
Since no man could dissolve him, he was cut.*

---

ALIUS EPITAPHIUM.

*Whom all the vast frame of the fixed earth  
Shrunk under; now a weak hearse stands beneath;  
His fate he past in fact; in hope his birth;  
His youth in good life; and in spirit his death.*

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ALIUS EPITAPHIUM.

*Blest be his great begetter; blest the womb  
That gave him birth, though much too near his tomb.*

32 . . . An Epicede, or Funeral Song.

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*In them was he, and they in him were blest:  
What their most great powers gave him, was his least.  
His person graced the earth; and of the skies  
His blessed spirit the praise is, and the prize.*

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*End of the Epicede.*  
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## APPENDIX.

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APPENDED to the Epicede is a small Tract in prose,  
entitled

*"The Funerals of the High and Mighty Prince Henry Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Count Palatine of Chester, Earl of Carrick, and late Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Which noble Prince deceased at St. James the sixth Day of November 1619; and was most princely interred the seventh Day of December following, within the Abbey of Westminster, in the eighteenth Year of his age.---London, printed by T. S. for John Budge, and are to be soold at his shop at the great south dore of Paules, and at Brittanes Bursse. 1618." 4<sup>to</sup>.*

IT sets forth the order of the Funeral—consisting of 140 poor Men in Gowns—about 300 Servants of Gentlemen and Noblemen—Drums and Fifes—a Herald—the Prince's great Standard borne by Sir William Wynne, Kt. and Bart.—about 306 of the Prince's household Servants and Tradesmen—the Prince's Coronet borne by Sir Roger Dallison, Kt. and Bart.—about 360 Servants of Noblemen—the Banner of Carrick borne

by Sir David Fowles—about 80 Servants of the Archbishops, Prince Palatine, and Prince Charles—the Banner of Chester borne by Lord Howard of Effingham—about 40 Clerks of the Works, &c. &c.—about 60 Sergeants of the Vestry, &c. &c.—6 Doctors of Physic---24 Prince's Chaplains—about 80 Pages of the Chamber, &c. &c.—Rouge Dragon Pursuivant—the Banner of Cornwall borne by Lord Clifford—about 146 Gentlemen of Count Henry and Count Palatine, &c.—Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms—the Banner of Scotland borne by Viscount Fenton—a Horse led by Sir Sigismond Alexander—Baronets—Barons' younger Sons—Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls—Sir John Herbert, Sir Julius Cæsar, Sir Thomas Parry, Privy Councillors—Barons' eldest Sons—Lancaster Herald—the Banner of England borne by Viscount Lisle—a Horse led by Sir William Webb, Knt.—Earls' younger Sons—Viscounts' eldest Sons—Barons of Scotland—Barons of England---*viz.*

Lord Knevett	Lord Cavendish
Lord Arundel and Wardour	Lord Carew
Lord Stanhope	Lord Denny
Lord Spencer	Lord Garrard
Lord Danvers	Lord Harrington

Lord Petre	Lord Russell
Lord Wotton	Lord Knowles
Lord Norris	Lord Compton
Lord Hunsdon	Lord Chandos
Lord North	Lord Darcy of Chich.
Lord Sheffield	Lord Rich
Lord Wharton	Lord Euers
Lord Wentworth	Lord Windsor
Lord Monteagle	Lord Dudley
Lord Stafford	Lord Dacres
Lord Morley	Lord Lawarre

Five Bishops—the Earl of Exeter—Sir Thomas Chaloner,  
Chamberlain—the Lord Chancellor and Count Henry—the  
Archbishop of Canterbury—Union Banner borne by the Earls  
of Montgomery and Argyle—Horse led by Monsieur de St.  
Antoine—Heralds, &c.—Ten Bannerets borne by ten Baronets:

Sir Boyle Finch	Sir Anthony Cope
Sir Thomas Monson	Sir George Griesley
Sir John Wentworth	Sir Robert Cotton
Sir Henry Savile	Sir Lewis Tresham
Sir Thomas Brudenell	Sir Philip Tyrwhit

Four Assistants to the Corpse, Lord Zouch, Lord Abergavenny

venny, Lord Burghley, and Lord Walden—Sir William Segar,  
Garter—Duke of Lennox, Chief Mourner, Train borne by  
Lord d'Aubigne—Twelve Earls, Assistants to Chief Mourner,  
*viz.*

Earl of Nottingham	Earl of Suffolk
Earl of Shrewsbury	Earl of Worcester
Earl of Rutland	Earl of Sussex
Earl of Southampton	Earl of Pembroke
Earl of Hertford	Earl of Essex
Earl of Dorset	Earl of Salisbury

Eleven Earls, strangers, attendants on Count Palatine—the Horse of State led by Sir Robert Douglas—the Palsgrave's six Privy Councillors—Officers and Grooms of Prince Henry's stables—the Guard—Knight Marshal and 20 Servants—Divers Knights and Gentlemen, &c. The whole amounting to about 2000.

FINIS.

John Warwick,  
1820.

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